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DON'T WANTER GO TO SLEEP.
At night when sleep has hovered round the little snowy bed,
And comes away on snowy wings the little golden bird,
Above the clouds and far away to that funny land of dream,
A merry land of fancy to lull the mind, it seems—
A mother sits and watches, while her heart is filled with joy,
As the gaze on the features of her little, sleeping boy.
Then off from under covers a chubby hand will creep,
And a tiny voice say, "Mamma, I don't want to sleep."
A mother's lullaby is heard, then sleep with no less wings
Bids little away once more, while watchful mother eyes
Then comes a blissful slumber; the mother does not speak,
Though that tear is speaking for hours it glazes on her cheek,
She takes the sleeping baby and folds him to her breast—
A mother's arms, so gentle, will not rob him of his sleep,
And a prayer is sent up ponder, that God will watch him
The lips that murmured, "Mamma, I don't want to sleep."
—S. H. Gray.

AN OIL KING'S WHIMS.
Some of the eccentricities of a Rich Penneymanian.

Building Expensive Roads That Lead Nowhere.
His Yacht, His Hobbies and His House.

One of the oddest men in the oil country, or anywhere else for that matter, is Ed E. Clapp, a President, I. A., seven miles above Oil City on the Allegheny river. He is a bachelor about sixty years of age. It is sometimes said that he is the richest man in the oil country, and this estimate of his wealth is based on the fact that he owns 4,000 acres of land right on the border of the rich developed oil territory. Wells drilled on one edge of his tract has proved absolutely that some of his property is valuable petroleum lands, and the supposition is that the great bulk of his 8,000 acres is equally good. If this be the case, he is not only the richest man in the oil regions, but he is a veritable Monte Cristo. One of Clapp's peculiarities is that he will not sell or lease an acre of his lands, nor will he operate it himself for oil. He has been paying heavy taxes on it for twenty years, and on some of it perhaps for a longer time. The land is wholly unproductive as it lies. None of it is good for agricultural purposes. A large part of it is timbered, but, as he never cuts a tree, he derives no income from this source. Six thousand acres of this land lies in Venango county, and in as wild and unbroken a section of country almost as there is in the State, and yet without there being any possible use for them he has built fine roads and drives all through his lands. Many of these roads are built through unfordable sections and consequently at great expense. Road building has long been a hobby with Clapp. He has his own theory about road building. He is his own engineer and never lays out a road above a certain very low grade, and consequently the highest of the mountainous sections of his lands are reached by easy grades. Some of these roads wind around the hill for miles until the summit is reached. None of these roads go to any place in particular. Some of them end abruptly in the woods and have remained in this uncompleted condition for years, while he goes ahead building roads in other parts of his forest lands. All these roads start from Clapp's private residence at the river, a building which almost illustrates the power of the builder.

Clapp builds his fine roads mostly by employing men who come along looking for work, and as his generosity in this particular is widely known he has a great many applicants. It is thought by some that he builds these roads to give employment to idle men, and for no other reason. Not wishing to give money direct and receive no equivalent, thus inviting imposition from unworthy persons, he sets them to work quarrying stone and working on his roads. He has as it may, he has got many miles of magnificent driveways through a large scope of country that is almost inaccessible. Nearly all of these roads cross wild streams, and a great deal of masonry is necessary for bridge building. The stone work in one of these bridges alone cost him \$5,000. The stone was all quarried on his own land, and this simply represented the actual labor. Along his roads at intervals he has erected fine waterfalls, and these are put up in the most approved manner. All are built high enough so the horses can drink without the driver getting out of the vehicle to lead down the check-rein. Some of these waterfalls are carved out of solid rock. The first one of these that the traveler encounters is in ascending the river hill from Clapp's residence has a large sign erected some sixteen feet above it, bearing, in large, black letters, the appropriate legend: "Horse's Delight."

Many of the watering troughs are inclosed in some manner. Clapp believes in plenty of cold water for both man and beast, and will allow no intoxicating liquor to be sold or drunk on any part of his large scope of country if he can help it. It is often the case that there is not a horse passing over these roads for many days, and perhaps weeks, at a time, to drink out of these fine troughs, but there they stand, all the same, constantly full and running over with pure mountain spring water, ready for any living thing that thirsts. An occasional deer is still seen in that section, and last winter a Pittsburgh hunter got a shot at a blue buck as he stood drinking from one of these troughs.

One of the queer things which Clapp has done, and for which his most intimate friends can give no explanation, was the purchasing of a store filled with fine chandeliers, looking up just as it stood, and never allowing it to be opened again for business. This was eight or ten years ago, and the goods are still in the building, some \$3,000 worth, and all of it molding and

rotting away. A man who clerked in the store at the time it was so strangely locked up has told the story, all that is known of the affair. The store is located in President, not far from Clapp's residence. It was the only store for several miles around, and the country people came long distances to trade. The business done was light, because the country is very sparsely settled, there not being a house in several miles. Still, there was some business all the time, and it is not thought the store was closed on account of the light trade. It would be more like Clapp to keep it open for the benefit of the public, although he lost money by so doing. This seems to have been the spirit that moved him in the building of so many miles of free roads. He had a partner in his store, and if there was any trouble between the two men it was not apparent. One morning he came into the store and said to the clerk:

"I have bought out my partner in the store and am now sole proprietor. I will sell all the windows and doors and give me the key. We will not sell any more goods."

The clerk did as he was instructed, and the store remains in that condition today, with the goods rotting on the shelves inside. Clapp is not a man who tells his affairs to anybody, but quite the reverse, and understanding him thoroughly in this respect, no one is likely to ask him any questions in regard to the closing of the store, and it is not likely that any one will ever know any more about it than is known now, which is practically nothing.

Although Clapp has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in building roads from President, the place consists virtually of one house, and that the house in which he lives. There are perhaps half a dozen cheap houses in the vicinity, together with the bar-bered store, but the only house of value is Clapp's residence. This is an ordinary-looking country house, frame, painted white, and two stories high. It is old-fashioned, even to the porch extending along the front, and has the appearance of a house that cost not over \$10,000 to build. It is a house, however, that cost many thousands of dollars—how many nobody knows. The house stands on the bank of the river, in a very conspicuous locality, and is sure to be noted by the traveler along the Allegheny. There is a cellar under the entire house, and the masonry in the walls is something marvelous. Clapp will show an occasional visitor over the house, but in ordinary moods he is not particularly fond of gratifying anybody's curiosity about it. Indeed, if he suspected any caller of any curiosity in the matter he would not be permitted to see the house under any circumstances. To all questions as to the cost of the house he has one formula: "This house is paid for." He is known to have sold one visitor that the masonry in the cellar walls cost him \$10,000. Clapp's love of plenty of pure water is seen in this house, where there is running spring water in every room. The water is brought down from the hills back of the house, by a system of pipes, and the supply is never failing, winter or summer.

It was said that Clapp refused to sell or lease any part of his big tract of land. This is not literally true. Of his 8,000 acres he did some time ago lease 200 acres to an oil man. A well or two was put down on these 200 acres, and the result was satisfactory. These wells "rest," as the term is, a large scope of territory, and prove it to be good for oil purposes. Notwithstanding this he refuses to sell or lease any more, and regrets that he gave this lease. The result of these wells has brought oil men down on Clapp by the hundreds to secure leases, but he refuses to lease or sell on any terms. The Standard Oil Company offered him \$250,000 for a part of his President tract, but he declined to accept it. He will put no price on the whole or part of it, but simply says it isn't for sale or lease. To one man's inquiry as to what he would do about giving him a small lease somewhere, he said:

"Well, I'll tell you. I'll do for you just what I did for a Titusville man who was here to see me this morning." "What was that?" "Nothing."

Oil men have given up all hope of getting anything from Clapp, and have left him to guard his hidden mine of wealth. He has said that when oil gets to be ten dollars a barrel he will open it up himself, but this means it will never be opened up while he is alive.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.
—Among the inscriptions in her album most prized by Mme. Patti Neolini is this, by the elder Dumais: "Being a man and a Christian I love to listen to your singing, but I fear a bird I should die of envy."

—Several of the most popular of Anthony Trollope's novels are said to have been written on steamers during long voyages. His best works were written while he lived at Waltham Cross, in Essex, but he was constantly moving about.

—The editor of a Japanese newspaper recently collected statistics of growth from all the Protestant churches in Japan, showing their increase during the last three years. From thirty-eight churches they have grown to 151, and from 3,700 members to 11,000.

—Horne Greeley once preached a Christmas sermon from Dr. Chappin's church. He began by saying: "It has been said that I am the poorest speaker in America." P. T. Barnum, who was present, said it was really true, but what he said enchanted every hearer.



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of my life, I should any doing good to others. Not a striking original remark, perhaps, but seemingly the most difficult thing in the world is to be prosperous and generous at the same time.

—Dr. Holmes' life and literary work," remarks the Boston Transcript, "have corresponded pretty closely with the New England Puritan's progress from the slough of social and literary despond which he was in at the beginning of the century to the at last comparatively delectable mountains upon which he dwells at present."

—Mrs. John Sherwood, who gives parlor lectures to ladies of the select 400 of the large cities, will be in greater demand than ever, as she has been decorated with the insignia of officer d'Academie—an honor conferred by the French Minister of Public Instruction on persons who have distinguished themselves in literary pursuits. It is said to be the first time the decoration has been conferred upon an American woman.

—J. T. Trowbridge, whose stories for boys have made him famous, was born in 1827 in Western New York. He taught himself Latin, French and German. He writes at the present time almost wholly for the Youth's Companion and makes a handsome income. He is a tall, fresh-looking man, with a very pleasant face. His hair is white, but otherwise he does not show his years. He has never married and lives in retirement in Boston. He has a taste for speculation, but has never indulged it to any great extent.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.
—A public school at Delmar is partly situated in Delaware and Maryland. Each State furnishes teachers for its pupils.

—The revenue of the Presbyterian Church in Canada for all purposes during the past year was \$1,942,723, being an increase of \$212,471.

—The observatory at Carleton College, at Northfield, Minn., received a gift of \$100,000 from Dr. Edward H. Williams, of Philadelphia, for an equatorial telescope.

—There are now fifty churches in Formosa (Canada Presbyterian Mission) so arranged that all North Formosa is in a sense occupied, and there are fifty-one active preachers.

—The New York Evening Post published a list of donations to forty-five American colleges in the last school year, aggregating \$3,293,000. It is probable that the total value of gifts to all colleges was \$4,000,000.

—There is a little church at Beata, Africa, where on Sunday mornings a number of boys and girls are to be seen with slates in their hands, taking notes of the sermon; and some of the older ones copy their notes on paper and give them to other native Christians, that they may use them at meetings they hold in the towns near.

THE WHITE ROSE ROAD.
A charming poem is from by Sarah Orne Jewett.

It was a country of wild flowers; the fast of the columbines were clinging to the hillside; down in the small, fenced meadows belonging to the farm were meadow rue just coming in flower, and red and white clover; the golden buttercups were thicker than the grass, while many multitudes were standing straight and slender, among the pine stumps with their first blossoms open. Rudbeckies had found their way in, and appeared more than ever like hold foreigners. Their names should be translated into country speech, and the children ought to call them "rude-bekies," by way of relating them to bouncing-bells and sweet-williams. The pasture was green and thick after the plentiful rains, and the busy cattle took little notice of us as they browsed steadily and tinkled their pleasant bells. Looking off, the smooth, round back of great still caught the sunlight with its fields of young grain, and all the long wooded slopes and valleys were fresh and fair in the June weather, away toward the blue New Hampshire hills on the northern horizon. Seaward stood Agramonticus, dark with its pitch pine, and the far sea itself, blue and calm, rolled the uneven country with its unchangeable line.

Out on the white rose road again, we saw more of the rose trees than ever, and now and then a carefully tended flower garden, always delightful to see and to think about. They are not made by merely looking through a florist's catalogue, and a proper selection of bulbs or shrubs; everything in a country garden has its history and personal association. The old bushes, the perennials, are apt to have more tender relationship with the hands that plant them long ago. There is a constant exchange of such treasures between the neighbors, and in the spring alleys and outcrops may be seen rooting on the window ledges, while the house plants give endless work all winter long, since they need careful protection against frost in long nights of the severe weather. A flower-loving woman brings back from every one of her infrequent journeys some treasure of flower-seeds or a huge miscellaneous nosegay. Time to work in the little plot of pleasure-ground is hardly won by the busy mistress of the farm-house.—Sarah Orne Jewett, in Atlantic.

He Appreciated the Hint.
Mrs. Homespun—"I'll tell you where you can find a jaw sawing five cords of wood, poor man."

Tramp (angrily)—Where, mum? Mrs. Homespun—Just around the corner of the next street.

Tramp—Thank you, mum; much obliged. I might have run right into it if it hadn't been for you.—America.

—John Ruskin refers to John Strangely Winter, author of "Foot of Baby," as "the author to whom we owe the most finished and faithful rendering ever yet given of the character of the British soldier."

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HUMOROUS.
—Photographer—"Now try to look pleasant." Sitter—"Pleasant? Why, you idiot, I'm a professional humorist."—Time.

—Usher (at a reception in Chicago, pompously, as Mr. Foot and daughters enter).—"Mr. Foot and the Misses Foot! And they say Chicago has no culture."—Puck.

—First Youth (at a railroad depot).—"Traveler far?" Second Youth—"Not yet, but I expect to before I stop. I'm going West to seek my fortune." "I just got back. Lead me a dime, will you?"—N. Y. Weekly.

—Johnson—"That statue of a weeping angel at the tomb of your wife's mother is a beautiful work of art. Why did you select the figure of a weeping angel?" Thompson—"Because I thought there ought to be somebody weeping at her grave."—Texas Sittings.

—Judge—"Your age?" Lady—"Thirty years." Judge (incredulous).—"You will have some difficulty in proving that." Lady (excitedly).—"You'll find it hard to prove the contrary, as the church register which contained the entry of my birth was burned in the year 1845."—Berliner Tageblatt.

—"Can't I stay home from church with you, pa, just to-day?" pleaded Bobby. "No, Robert, you must go with your mother." Then he added to his wife, as she slipped his morning paper into position: "I believe my mother's old adage: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'—Life.

—Moneybags—"You say you wish to marry my daughter? Well, you know I have three, and on the marriage of each I shall give her husband ten thousand dollars. Which one do you want?" Jack Napes—"I'll tell you what we'll do. You'll move out to Utah and I'll take all three of them off your hands. I'm willing to do the square thing."—N. Y. Sun.

—"I decline," said Mrs. Shrapnel, turning from her mirror, "I look like a perfect fright in this horrid bonnet, don't I?" "Yes, my dear," replied her husband, abstractedly, without looking up from his paper, "you do." "Shrapnel, you're a brute! The bonnet is the most becoming I ever wore, and makes me look ten years younger." "I think so, too," responded the "brute," still absorbed in his paper.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Miss Porcine—"I am afraid, Henry, that our engagement must be broken. Papa and mamma are both very angry with you." Henry—"For heaven's sake, Clara, what have I done to offend them?" Miss Porcine—"It is all on account of the conversation you had with mamma the other night." Henry—"Why, I spoke of your father in the highest terms." Miss Porcine—"Yes; you said he 'bristles with good sense.' You know papa is at the stock yards, and mamma thought your allusion to 'bristles' simply derisive taste."—America.

Plenty of Good Advice.

Who never climb never fall. On a good bargain think twice. Buy at a market, but sell at home. Bashfulness is an enemy to poverty. Who looks not before finds himself behind.

Duty is the path that all may tread.—Morrill.
Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb.
For what thou canst do thyself rely not on another.
Keep good men company and you shall be of the number.
When you are an avail, hold you still; when you are a hamper, strike your fill.

—The 170th anniversary of the Cold Spring Presbyterian Church, New Jersey, was lately celebrated.

The average nickel cigar should be named the "Lottery." Further remarks are unnecessary.

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